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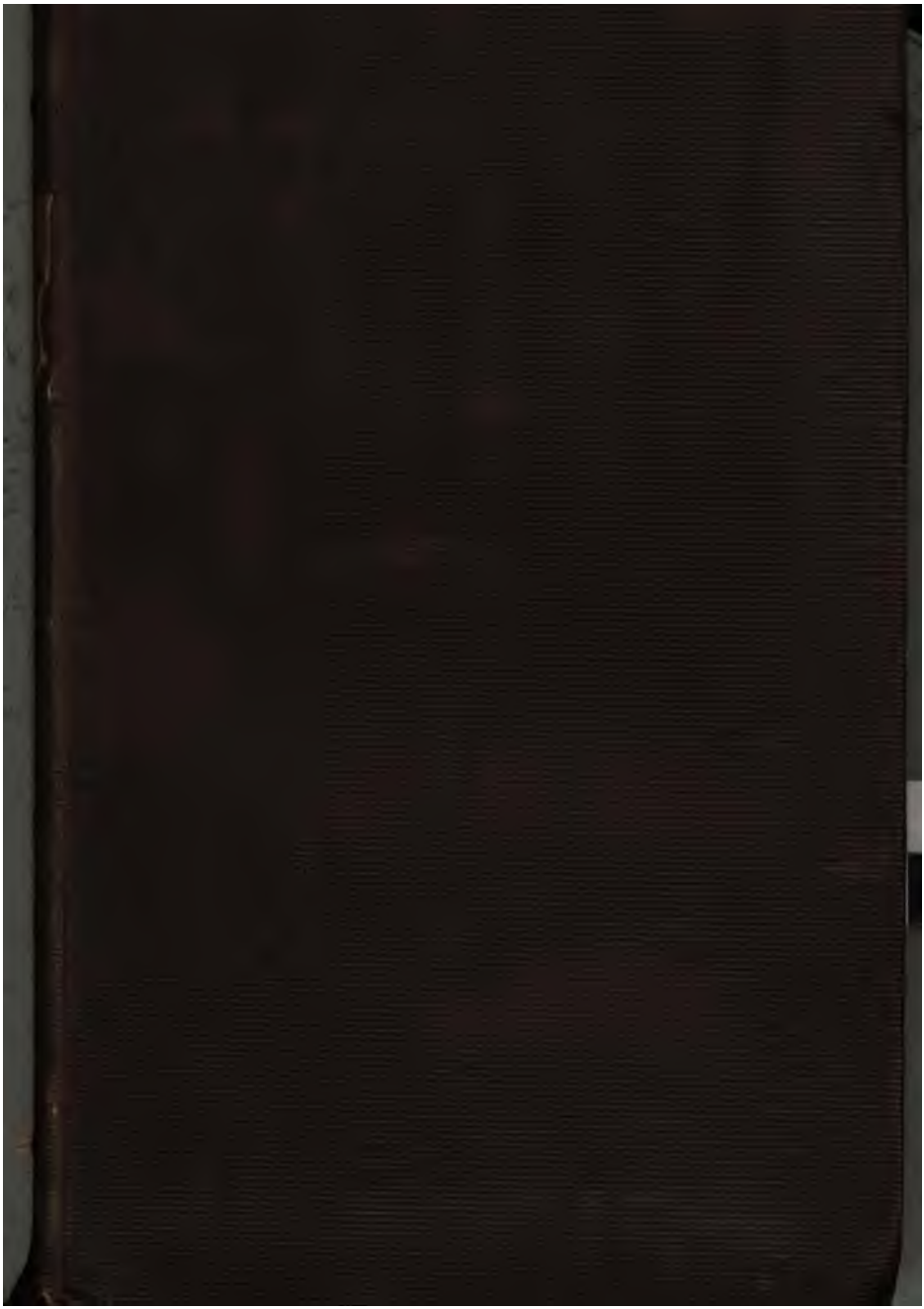

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ADDISON'S WORKS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

WHOEVER WISHES TO ATTAIN AN ENGLISH STYLE, FAMILIAR BUT NOT COARSE, AND ELEGANT BUT NOT OSTENTATIOUS, MUST GIVE HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS TO THE VOLUMES OF ADDISON.—DR. JOHNSON.

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

OXFORD,
PUBLISHED BY D. A. TALBOYS.
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270 c 643

ROSAMOND, AN OPERA.

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE THE

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.——————— VIRG. Æn. 6.

This opera, the comic scenes of which, at least, are pleasant and entertaining, was first brought on the stage in 1707, and after three representations withdrawn. It was written by Addison in consequence of the then prevailing taste for Italian operas, to try the effect of a musical drama in our own language. The opinion of the world seems to have followed or coincided with that expressed by the public at its representation: Cato is still read and admired, while Rosamond is neglected and forgotten.

It was one of the first of our author's compositions.

A COPY OF VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ROSAMOND.

——————Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

BY MR. TICKELL.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No farther could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die:
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves;
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.

Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies;
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING HENRY.
SIR TRUSTY, keeper of the bower.
PAGE.
MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ELEANOR.
ROSAMOND.
GRIDELINE, wife to Sir Trusty.

GUARDIAN ANGELS, etc.

SCENE, WOODSTOCK PARK.

ROSAMOND.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A prospect of Woodstock park, terminating in the bower.

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN. WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise,
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk[1],
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

[1] Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock park.

PAGE. There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.
QUEEN. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.—— [*Aside.*
PAGE. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.
QUEEN. Death and confusion! I'm too slow——[*Aside.*
Show me the happy mansion, show——
PAGE. Great Henry there——
QUEEN. Trifler, no more!——
PAGE. ——Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.
QUEEN. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.
PAGE. Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.
QUEEN. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love,
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.
PAGE. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.

QUEEN. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.
PAGE. Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes!
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd.
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.
QUEEN. Henry returns from danger free!
Henry returns!——but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to Eleonora due.

Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain),
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The trait'ress shall bleed:
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The entry of the bower.

SIR TRUSTY, knight of the bower, *solus.*

How unhappy is he,
That is tied to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and* SIR TRUSTY.

GRID. Faithless varlet, art thou there?
SIR TRUSTY. My love, my dove, my charming fair!
GRID. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
SIR TRUSTY. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
GRID. Cheat not me with false caresses.
SIR TRUSTY. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
GRID. Those to fair Rosamond are due.
SIR TRUSTY. She is not half so fair as you.
GRID. She views thee with a lover's eye.
SIR TRUSTY. I'll still be thine, and let her die.
GRID. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
SIR TRUSTY. O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
GRID. O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!
SIR TRUSTY. At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aside.*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, begone.

GRID. ———I love thee so
I cannot go.
SIR TRUSTY. Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!
GRID. Why so unkind, sir Trusty, why?
SIR TRUSTY. Thou'rt the plague of my life.
GRID. I'm a foolish, fond wife.
SIR TRUSTY. Let us part,
Let us part.
GRID. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
SIR TRUSTY. I will if I can.
GRID. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?
SIR TRUSTY. Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.
GRID. Thou art a rustic to call me so,
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so,
Thou traitor, adieu!
SIR TRUSTY. Farewell, thou shrew!
GRID. Thou traitor.
SIR TRUSTY. Thou shrew!
BOTH. Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit Gr*

SIR TRUSTY *solus.*

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils,

Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty king Harry.
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and* SIR TRUSTY.

Ros. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No farther could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die:
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves;
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.

Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies;
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

From glorious and immortal toils,
Laden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.
SIR TRUSTY. The bower and lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.
MESSENGER. Hither the victor flies (his queen
And royal progeny unseen);
Soon as the British shores he reach'd
Hither his foaming courser stretch'd;
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!
SIR TRUSTY. Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour,
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter KING HENRY *after a flourish of trumpets.*

KING. Where is my love! my Rosamond!
SIR TRUSTY. First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.
KING. Where is my life! my Rosamond!
SIR TRUSTY. Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land!
KING. Where is the tender, charming fair!
SIR TRUSTY. Let me appear, great sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.

KING. Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TRUSTY. For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
KING. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TRUSTY. I speak, great sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.
KING. What dost thou say? I shake with fear.
SIR TRUSTY. Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
KING. Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.
SIR TRUSTY. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?
KING. Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The party-colour'd gay alcove.
SIR TRUSTY. Your highness, sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;

There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING. Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor lovesick jealousy appear:
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A pavilion in the middle of the bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING. Thus let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.
ROS. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.
KING. Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.
ROS. My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.
KING. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!
BOTH. O may the present bliss endure!
KING. My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:

But oh! with noonday heats opprest,
My aching temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King.*

ROSAMOND *sola.*

From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracts of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable way.
They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewell sorrow, farewell fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A postern gate of the bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRID. My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,

That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born
When I did town and court adorn.

PAGE. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

GRID. He does, my child; or tell me why,
With weeping eyes, so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoestrings tied,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulderbelt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.

PAGE. If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdued.

GRID. My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks:
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.

PAGE. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——

GRID. ——And he has charms.

PAGE. Your fears are too just.

GRID. Too plainly I've prov'd

BOTH. He loves and is lov'd.

GRID. O merciless fate!

PAGE. Deplorable state!

GRID. To die————

PAGE. ————To be slain

GRID. By a barbarous swain,

BOTH. That laughs at your pain.

GRID. How should I act? canst thou advise?

PAGE. Open the gate, if you are wise:
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep sir Trusty innocent.

GRID. Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.

PAGE. I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.

GRID. Of such a faithful spy I've need[2]:
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit Page.*

GRIDELINE *sola.*

Pr'ythee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. *Exit Grid.*

[2] An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

SCENE III.

PAGE *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes;
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart control,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.
PAGE. Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [*Apart.*
QUEEN. I see, I see my hands embrued
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death;
I see my raging dying lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr'd!

PAGE. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside.*
QUEEN. What shall my trembling soul pursue!
PAGE. Behold, great queen, the place in view!
QUEEN. Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!
PAGE. That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.
QUEEN. —It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a pause.*
I cannot see my lord repine,
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?
PAGE. Her heart with rage and fondness glows,
O jealousy! thou hell of woes! [*Aside.*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.
QUEEN. Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear!
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The scene changes to the pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
— Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, th' offended queen I see!
— Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN, *with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.*

QUEEN. Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.
Ros. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?
QUEEN. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue control.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.
Ros. Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!

QUEEN. How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? [*Aside.*

Ros. When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!

QUEEN. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

Ros. Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with lovesick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!

QUEEN. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

Ros. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

QUEEN. ——— They flow in vain.

Ros. Look with compassion on my fate;
O hear my sighs! ——

QUEEN. —— They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live wretched, let me live!
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night

May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

QUEEN. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. *Aside.*

Ros. What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance!——

QUEEN. —— Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay.
— O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

QUEEN. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore.—— [*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. —— O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN. Ye powers, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

Ros. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal blow,
—— Whither, ah! whither shall I go! [*Drinks.*

QUEEN. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.
Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause.
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive,
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more. [*Falls on the couch.*
QUEEN. Hear and observe your queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY *in a fright.*

A breathless corse! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve!
No! though I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing: [*Writes.*
" Great sir,
" Your Rosamond is dead
" As I am at this present writing."
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair.

Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.
My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own!
Nobler joys possess my heart,
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A grotto, HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two angels, supposed to be the guardian spirits of the British kings in war and in peace.*

FIRST ANGEL. Behold the unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
SECOND ANGEL. In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.
FIRST ANGEL. In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.
SECOND ANGEL. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.

FIRST ANGEL. When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.
BOTH. But oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!
SECOND ANGEL. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
Till love before ambition fly.
FIRST ANGEL. I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
Till grief in joyful raptures die.
SECOND ANGEL. Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancied fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.
FIRST ANGEL. See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance.
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface:
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.
BOTH. Glory strives!
The field is won!
Fame revives
And love is gone.
FIRST ANGEL. To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bow'r shall be!

When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace,
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending[3]!
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

SECOND ANGEL. He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

FIRST ANGEL. Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead——

SECOND ANGEL.——And grief may rage,

BOTH. But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[*The angels ascend, and the vision disappears.*

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravish'd senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,

[3] Scene changes to the plan of Blenheim castle.

Break forth, and to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream:
Adieu ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
O Rosamond! O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distress'd,
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewell!
Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thund'ring courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The scene changes to that part of the bower where SIR TRUSTY *lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Mysterious love, uncertain treasure
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!
But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*

SCENE III.

KING *and* QUEEN.

KING. Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show,
This pomp of death, this scene of woe?
Support me, heav'n! what's this I read?
O horror! Rosamond is dead!
What shall I say, or whither turn?—
With grief, and rage, and love I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost,
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!
Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

QUEEN. Fain would my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*

KING. But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!

No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

QUEEN. Why do I here my lord receive?

KING. Is this the welcome that you give?

QUEEN. Thus should divided lovers meet?

BOTH. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

QUEEN. What in these guilty shades could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

KING. Cruel woman, what could you?

QUEEN. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

KING. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

QUEEN. A heart so unrepenting.

KING. A rage so unrelenting.

BOTH. Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.

KING. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

QUEEN. How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn:
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, could die.

KING. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

QUEEN. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?
KING. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free from love,
I came to take my last adieu.
QUEEN. How am I blest if this be true!—— [*Aside.*
KING. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——
QUEEN.——Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.
KING. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive;
Does Rosamond live?
QUEEN. The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.
KING. How am I bless'd if this be true! [*Aside.*
QUEEN. Atoning for herself and you.

KING. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead.
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.

QUEEN. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Though distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives——

QUEEN. ——— My lord is true.

KING. No more I'll change.

QUEEN. No more I'll grieve:

BOTH. But ever thus united live.

SIR TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush, and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.

My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb, and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green!

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and* SIR TRUSTY.

GRID. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?
SIR TRUSTY. Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou should'st thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.
GRID. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why should not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?
SIR TRUSTY. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see;
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.
GRID. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,

And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.

SIR TRUSTY. And sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love!
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Cheerful days and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere,
From future grief and present fear.

BOTH. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love!

CATO,

A TRAGEDY.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, deus! Ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum. SEN. de Divin. Prov.

CATO.

This tragedy was first brought on the stage in 1713. The literary fame of its author had already been raised to a very high degree by his papers in the Spectator and his other writings, and was carried by this as high as it well could go. When and where Addison first formed the plan of this drama, how much he composed of it in early life, and what alterations he afterwards made in it, seem to be involved in a knot of conflicting statements, which it would now be difficult entirely to disentangle. We are told by Tickell, the first editor of his works, "that he took up the design of writing a play upon this subject when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands." Tonson states, that he wrote the first four acts abroad, and that he saw them at Rotterdam; which is confirmed by Pope, who says, that "the last act was not written till six or seven years after, when he came home." But Dr. Young speaks positively, and says, "he wrote them all five at Oxford, and sent them from thence to Dryden to *my* knowledge." Johnson informs us, that Addison, who for several years had the first four acts finished, was so unaccountably unwilling to resume his work, that he requested Mr. Hughes to add a fifth. Hughes, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he in the mean time had gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards finished.

Besides these various statements, there is another by Pope still more puzzling. He tells us, that "the love-scenes were not in the original plan, but were thrown in afterwards in compliance with the popular practice of the stage." "Such an authority," says Dr. Johnson, "it is hard to reject; yet the love is so intimately mingled with the whole action, that it cannot

easily be thought extrinsic and adventitious; for if it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the four acts filled in the first draught?"

Mr. Ogle, the editor of a new edition of the Spectator, has apparently been at considerable pains to reconcile these conflicting opinions; and as his conjecture is ingenious, and offers an easy and reasonable solution of the difficulties, without attaching crime to any party, it is here laid before the reader. He takes it for granted, as indeed it is evident, that a juvenile essay of Addison on this subject, was sent by him from Oxford to Dryden: and that Dr. Young, who mentions this circumstance, fell into a mistake respecting the number of acts, as Tonson, Pope, Johnson, and Hughes only speak of four; besides which, we may notice the strong internal evidence respecting their account of it, from the fifth act itself, which is particularly short in comparison to the others, "like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion."

He then proposes the following solution. "Addison wrote four acts of a tragedy when at Oxford, and sent them to Dryden. After his judgment had become riper, and his taste more formed, he became displeased with his performance, yet remained satisfied with the subject. He erased all that his better judgment pointed out to him as unfit to stand, and retained all those thoughts he approved. With these materials he, while abroad, may be said to have rewritten the first four acts, and to have added the fifth in England when Hughes was composing the supplementary act. This solution at least removes the dilemma in which the various accounts had placed the authors of them, and shows that there was not more variation in their accounts than is seen every day in the details of occurrences in which all the witnesses intend to tell the truth."

But when, where, and however this tragedy may have been composed, the fact is certain, that it met with the greatest success when brought upon the stage. It is stated, that when Cato

was shown to Pope he advised the author to print it, and not to risk its being acted, believing that it was better calculated to please in the closet than on the stage. But although the author's opinion coincided with that of Pope, and which indeed time has proved to be true, the importunity of his friends compelled him to the important hazard, and the violence of party-spirit made it successful beyond expectation. Unnecessary precaution was taken, as it turned out, to insure it a favourable auditory on the first night of its representation; for, as we are told by Pope, "the whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the tories; and the tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt. Bolingbroke called Booth, who played the part of Cato, to his box, and presented him with fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator."

Thus supported by the emulation of parties, the play was acted night after night for a longer time than the public had probably ever before allowed to any drama. Other honours were lavished upon its author. Wits were proud to write verses in its praise. It was censured as a party-play by a scholar of Oxford, and defended in a favourable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated into various modern languages, and into Latin by the jesuits of St. Omer's and played by their pupils. The author was informed, that the queen would be pleased if, on its publication, it were dedicated to her; but as he had already designed that honour for Mr. Tickell, he sent it into the world without any dedication; the delicacy of friendship preventing him from inscribing it to the queen, and his duty to her from paying that compliment to any one else.

With regard to the merits of Cato, nearly all the praises have already been lavished upon it which friendship and party-spirit could bestow, and all the censure which acute malignity could suggest. The intemperate, yet perhaps sometimes just criti-

cisms of Dennis, are, however, almost forgotten, while time has confirmed the first opinion of the public in its favour. Few works have been more read, fewer read with more pleasure; and, as some one has justly observed, there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

That it has its faults must, perhaps, be admitted; but how trifling are they compared with its beauties! The malignant envy of Dennis prompted him to attack both the merits of the tragedy and the opinion of the world respecting it, with all the virulence of angry criticism. Nothing has escaped his acuteness; and in giving the substance of his invectives we lay before the reader all that can be said against it.

After giving his reason for paying no regard to the opinion of the audience, he directs his censure against the author for his neglect of poetical justice; that is, for not imitating the divine dispensation, in inculcating a particular providence by punishing crime and rewarding virtue. "He not only runs counter to this," he says, "in the fate of his principal character, but everywhere makes virtue suffer and vice triumph: for not only is Cato vanquished by Cæsar, but the treachery and perfidiousness of Syphax prevail over the honest simplicity and the credulity of Juba; and the sly subtlety and dissimulation of Portius over the generous frankness and openheartedness of Marcus. Dr. Johnson has answered this by saying, "that since wickedness prospers in real life, the poet is certainly at liberty to give it prosperity on the stage." But we think that our author may be vindicated on this point upon other and higher grounds than this. Addison's play was written and brought on the stage to favour the cause of patriotism and liberty; accordingly, he represents his godlike hero, after doing all that could be done to save his country, as preferring death to slavery. The play could scarcely have been made to end otherwise. Cato and Cæsar are not set before us as individuals whose vices or vir-

tues we have anything to do with. It is only in relation to their public characters—one as the champion of liberty, the other as its subverter—that we are called upon to judge them. Cato is pictured as the last defender of the liberties of his country, and who, when he finds his cause hopeless, like a noble Roman, dies what a Roman would call a glorious death. Is [illegible] rewarded here? How? Whoever read the play and wished to be Cæsar? or without admiring, almost envying, Cato? It is, in fact, he alone who triumphs; and we might as well talk of the triumph of the executioner who fired the pile of our martyr Cranmer, as of the triumph of Cæsar.

How the treachery and perfidiousness of Syphax can be said to prevail over the honest simplicity of Juba, I cannot imagine, since the sword of Marcus pierces through the heart of the hoary traitor, whom Portius sees

" Grin in the pangs of death and bite the ground ;"

while Juba lives, and receives from the dying Cato his beloved Marcia. The nobleness and tenderness of Portius render it unnecessary to vindicate him from the charge of this critic.

His objections to the characters as being unnatural, are equally groundless. The strongest part of his case is the manner in which Cato receives the intelligence of the death of his son. He argues, " that for a man to receive the news of his son's death with dry eyes, and to weep at the same time for the calamities of his country, is a wretched affectation, and a miserable inconsistency." In reply, we may not only recall to our remembrance the great examples afforded us by history, and especially by the Roman, of men who have sacrificed the dearest ties of nature from motives of patriotism; but also consider again the character which the author wished to place before his audience. A severe Roman moralist, whose soul is wrapt up in the good of his country, and whose affections are all absorbed in her welfare; who regards life without liberty

as unbearable, and who therefore grieves not for a son just released from a world he himself is about to quit, but weeps for his country doomed to slavery. Besides this, we may add, that the moral character of the Romans at this period had so much of the gigantic nature of their empire, that neither their vices nor their virtues can be measured by the common standard of human nature; and surely if any man may be represented on the stage as godlike, it is Cato.

The critic is more successful in his attempt to show the absurdities into which the author has fallen by confining the action of the piece to a single place: this he has done at considerable length, and it cannot be denied but that some of his instances are very glaring. It may, however, be said in mitigation, that most of them are common to all theatrical representations. No one can read over many of our tragedies without finding inconsistencies without number of the same kind, or attend a theatre without being shocked with faults equally gross.

This censure of Dennis was amply counterbalanced at the time by the great success of the piece, both on the stage and in the closet. It has been followed by the praises of the learned and the good. It received the encomiums of Tickell and Pope, which have been succeeded by those of Voltaire, Johnson, bishop Hurd, and innumerable others. The witty Frenchman, with the taste of his nation, prefers it to Shakspeare, and expresses his wonder that we can bear the extravagances of the latter after having seen it. We cannot, however, go so far: but both Johnson and Hurd consider it the noblest production of our author; nor does it lose in our estimation by the comparison which the great moralist has made between it and Shakspeare. Without the wild luxuriance of that immortal bard, it has beauties peculiarly its own; and its just and noble sentiments, and its graceful and splendid diction, will cause it to be admired as a work of art and taste till the English language shall be no longer understood.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, Nov. 1714.

The muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause[1],
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

[1] *Engaged great Cato in her country's cause.*] Some little disingenuity has been charged on the author from this line (see Pope's Works, Ep. to Aug. v. 215, Mr. Warburton's edition), nor can I wholly acquit him of it. The truth, however, seems to be this: Mr. A. had no party-views in composing this tragedy; and he was only solicitous (whatever his friends might be) to secure the suffrage of both parties, when it was brought on the stage. But the public would only see it in a political light: and was it to be wondered at, that a poet, in a dedication too, should take advantage of the general voice, to make a merit of his imputed patriotism, with the new family? How spotless must that muse be, that, in passing through a court, had only contracted this slight stain, even in the opinion of so severe a censor and casuist as Mr. Pope! Bp. Hurd.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair princess, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee, perhaps, e'en now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,

Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please;
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find:
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw,
While envy is itself in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my[1] light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me then live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.

[1] Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd,
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage!
Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the sibyl's books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enroll'd,
" Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
" Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
" When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
" His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
" An isle remote his monument shall rear,
" And ev'ry gen'rous Briton pay a tear."

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:"
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG.

All Souls' college,
Oxon.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To show how endless joys from freedom spring:
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,

Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus died,
And Cato told the gods, "I'm satisfied."
See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancied glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils:
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough was your darling song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;

Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs nò blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The libertine, in pleasures used to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how "the stream refines,
"Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?"
While hurricanes "in circling eddies play,
"Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away."

We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden-sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity college,
Cambridge.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart,
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fix'd deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight.
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame.
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,

Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder (forc'd to do us right),
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THOMAS TICKELL.

Queen's College,
Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued;
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wond'rous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envied the great death which first I mourn'd.
What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour struggling with the love of life?

Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heav'n the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see,
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heav'n she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All Souls' College,
Oxon.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER

BY AN UNKNOWN HAND [1].

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him regare;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!

[1] George Jeffreys, esq.—JOHNSON.

How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend!
How great his genius when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, stanch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O! sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued;
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
IN Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsars arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS:

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!

While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast.
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend[1]: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

[1] This was first written, "Britons arise, be worth like this approv'd:" but as Addison was frighted lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, the line was liquidated to "Britons attend."—See JOHNSON's Life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO.
LUCIUS, a senator,
SEMPRONIUS, a senator.
JUBA, prince of Numidia.
SYPHAX, general of the Numidians.
PORTIUS, } Sons of Cato.
MARCUS, }
DECIUS, ambassador from Cæsar.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, etc.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, daughter to Cato.
LUCIA, daughter to Lucius.

SCENE, a large hall in the governor's palace of Utica.

CATO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'r's,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!——

MARCUS. ———Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!——I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field

Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh! Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness?
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

MARCUS. Who knows not this! but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate;
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,

Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search:
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS. These are suggestions of a mind at ease;
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

PORTIUS. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts———

PORTIUS. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.

He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak——Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMP. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good morrow Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMP. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS. Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMP. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

PORTIUS. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour——I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet,
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS, *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!——but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickened to the course.
——Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!——————

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. ——————Sempronius, all is ready,
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
SEMP. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
SYPHAX. ———Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues:——but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMP. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
SYPHAX. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.
SEMP. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.
SYPHAX. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!
SEMP. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX *solus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us——
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me;
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPHAX. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Lanch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?

Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX. Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

JUBA. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;

Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly

Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX. Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA. What would'st thou have me do?

SYPHAX. ———Abandon Cato.

JUBA. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX. ———Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing cried,
Prithee be careful of my son!——his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

JUBA. Alas! thy story melts away my soul.

That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

SYPHAX. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA. I do believe thou would'st: but tell me how?

SYPHAX. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA. My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX. ———And therefore died.

JUBA. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX. ———Rather say your love.

JUBA. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

JUBA. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

SYPHAX. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

JUBA. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA. ———Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. ———Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from m
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sit
away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

MARCIA. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA. I need not blush to name them, when I tell th
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
LUCIA. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
MARCIA. ———For neither—
And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?
LUCIA. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—
MARCIA. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
LUCIA. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is overwarm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
MARCIA. Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUCIA. ———You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

MARCIA. ———Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MARCIA. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

THE SENATE.

SEMP. Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
LUCIUS. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMP. ———My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains,
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care!
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious!
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

LUCIUS. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMP. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to* CATO.

CATO. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public counsels,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us:

Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time!
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* MARCUS.

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, etc.

DECIUS. Cæsar sends health to Cato.—

CATO. ———Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DECIUS. My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

DECIUS. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar.
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

DECIUS. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO. ———No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:

Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship;
And name your terms.

CATO. ———Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CATO. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO. Let him consider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?
CATO. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.
DECIUS. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* DECIUS.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, ETC.

SEMP. ———Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
LUCIUS. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.
SEMP. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword

In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!

LUCIUS. ———Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMP. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

CATO. ———Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

SEMP. ———Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

SEMP. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
JUBA. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," said he,
"Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them."
CATO. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.
JUBA. ———My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
CATO. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
JUBA. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:

Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd.
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

JUBA. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO. ———And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA. ———Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
JUBA. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
CATO. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all! learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
JUBA. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
CATO. ———What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
JUBA. ———I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.
CATO. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
JUBA. ———Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
CATO. ———What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?
JUBA. ———I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
CATO. ———What wouldst thou say?
JUBA. ———Cato, thou hast a daughter.
CATO. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest; liberty or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX. How is this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
JUBA. ———Syphax, I'm undone!
SYPHAX. I know it well.
JUBA. ———Cato thinks meanly of me.
SYPHAX. And so will all mankind.
JUBA. ———I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
SYPHAX. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.
JUBA. ———Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?
SYPHAX. Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise, before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
JUBA. Prithee, no more!
SYPHAX. ———How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA. Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPHAX. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA. ——What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX. Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA. ——As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint
Of curbs and bits, and fleeter than the wind:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA. ——Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX. Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
JUBA. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
SYPHAX. Go, go, you're young.
JUBA. ———Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
SYPHAX. ———I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
JUBA. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
SYPHAX. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
JUBA. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
SYPHAX. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service?
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
JUBA. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince with scorn?
SYPHAX. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?

Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

JUBA. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX. You did indeed, my prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, farther, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service.

JUBA. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX. ———By heavens!
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been used to think

A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I sha'n't support it.

JUBA. Syphax, farewell: I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear,

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. ———All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
SEMP. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.
SYPHAX. But how stands Cato?
SEMP. ———Thou has seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
SYPHAX. But what's this messenger?
SEMP. ———I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
SYPHAX. ———Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him,

Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMP. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEMP. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMP. ———All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

SYPHAX. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,

Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS. Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone, while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
PORTIUS. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
MARCUS. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season;
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me!
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.
PORTIUS. What should I do? if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*
MARCUS. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
PORTIUS. She sees us, and advances—
MARCUS. ———I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
PORTIUS. Oh Lucia! language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life:
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:

His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smilest upon me.

LUCIA. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUCIA. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck?—
recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
LUCIA. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
PORTIUS. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!
LUCIA. At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
PORTIUS. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
LUCIA. ———Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure;
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves:
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!
PORTIUS. Talk not of love: thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done?
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best

And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA. O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

PORTIUS. Name not the word; my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

LUCIA. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!

PORTIUS. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA. Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius,
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

PORTIUS. Stay, Lucia stay! what dost thou say—for ever?

LUCIA. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word—for ever!

PORTIUS. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA. ———If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUCIA. ———What dost thou say! not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder o'er us!
—But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,

Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS. Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?

PORTIUS. ———What wouldst thou have me say?

MARCUS. What means this pensive posture; thou appearest
Like one amazed and terrified.

PORTIUS. ———I've reason.

MARCUS. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

PORTIUS. ———I'm grieved I undertook it.

MARCUS. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs:
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Prithee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!

To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

PORTIUS. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS. What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With everything, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS. ———A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

PORTIUS. Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS, *with the* LEADERS OF THE MUTINY.

SEMP. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER. We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.

But, hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, etc.

CATO. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMP. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fired with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day! why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men!
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful preeminence!

SEMP. ———By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*
CATO. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
SEMP. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?
CATO. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
LUCIUS. See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
CATO. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
SEMP. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.

The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUCIUS. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMP. ———How? wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

SEMP. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS, *and the* LEADERS OF THE MUTINY.

FIRST LEADER. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
SEMP. Villain, stand off! base, groveling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
SECOND LEADER. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.
SEMP. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Enter GUARDS.

FIRST LEADER. ———Nay, since it comes to this—
SEMP. Despatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMP. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

SYPHAX. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

SEMP. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMP. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMP. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With growing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,

There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA. O Lucia! Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA. I know thou'rt doom'd, alike, to be belov'd
By Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness:
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA. And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
MARCIA. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

SEMP. The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Hah! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. What do I see? who's this that dare usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMP. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA. ———What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMP. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man! [SEMP. *falls. His guards surrender.*

SEMP. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,

And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
LUCIA. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.
MARCIA. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
LUCIA. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
MARCIA. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.
[*Enter* JUBA *listening*.
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
JUBA. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!
LUCIA. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
MARCIA. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
JUBA. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?
MARCIA. Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA. I shall run mad—

MARCIA. ———O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA. What means that voice! did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

JUBA. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!

MARCIA. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—

JUBA. ———See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA. With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA. ———A wretch,
Disguised like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA. I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA. ———And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I loved thee.

JUBA. O fortunate mistake!

MARCIA. ———O happy Marcia!

JUBA. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

MARCIA. Lucia, thy arm! O let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph;
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.

A march at a distance.

CATO, LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
CATO. ———Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.
[*Enter* PORTIUS.
But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
PORTIUS.———My heart is grieved.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
CATO. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
PORTIUS. ———Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
CATO. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit* PORTIUS.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:

Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO. ———What's thy crime?

JUBA. I'm a Numidian.

CATO. ———And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA. ———Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO. ———Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distrest.

CATO. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

CATO. ———Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

PORTIUS. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO. I'm satisfied.

PORTIUS. ———Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS. ———Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!

The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

JUBA. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

CATO. ———Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*

CATO. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,

The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
JUBA. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
CATO. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
LUCIUS. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
CATO. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
LUCIUS. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
CATO. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
—Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
JUBA. ———If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!
CATO. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great: at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

CATO. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO. But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
PORTIUS. ———Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!
CATO. ———Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS. O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO. Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

PORTIUS. ———Look not thus sternly on me:
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

PORTIUS. ———O, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting

Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

PORTIUS. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS, MARCIA.

PORTIUS. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MARCIA. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

LUCIA. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,

In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

MARCIA. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplext distress,
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

MARCIA. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?

MARCIA. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

MARCIA. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit* PORTIUS.

LUCIUS. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country—hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

MARCIA. ———Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS. ———O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

LUCIUS. ———O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS. ———I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers* CATO.

MARCIA. O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

JUBA. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

[CATO *brought forward in his chair.*

CATO. ———Here set me down—
Portius come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children:

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia,
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—
—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weighed;
Too oft they're cancelled, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse;
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;

What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

THE

DRUMMER,

OR

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

———Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus.———————
HOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similes and repartees which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of

it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee; which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

PROLOGUE.

In this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Roundheads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe,)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
  Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Censure, when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Goodnatur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend:
Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.

If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue-and-cry.
If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Though with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.

THE DRUMMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir George Truman.
Tinsel.
Fantome, the Drummer.
Vellum, Sir George Truman's steward.
Butler.
Coachman.
Gardener.

WOMEN.

Lady Truman.
Abigail.

THE DRUMMER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A great hall.

Enter the BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

BUT. There came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

COACH. I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

GARD. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her—come, here's her health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can—here's to you. He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cockloft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my bedposts—I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

But. Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augre-hole:—he'll whisk ye through a keyhole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was killed in the last campaign.

But. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis sir George. Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always loved the wars, and you know was mightily pleased from a child with the music of a drum.

Gard. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

But. Found! why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

Coach. 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

COACH. Like a white horse.

BUT. Pugh, Robin, I tell ye he has never appeared yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

COACH. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lantern, I fell across a beam that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

BUT. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spayed bitch looked as if she saw something.

COACH. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits.

GARD. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUT. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

GARD. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

COACH. Why may not our parson of the parish lay him?

BUT. No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

COACH. Why not he as well as another man?

BUT. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

GARD, Why, d'ye think John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

COACH. How's that?

GARD. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

COACH. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if anything could.

BUT. Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

COACH. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

GARD. There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own! but, alack, what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read.

BUT. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter, thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flay thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

GARD. A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life! I never committed murder!

BUT. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARD. Why, that's well said, John; an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

BUT. and COACH. Ha! where?

GARD. The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

BUT. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! a good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house? why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

GARD. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together, and methought they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

BUT. And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

GARD. For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

COACH. I am resolved to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no farther occasion for a coach now he walks.

BUT. Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam and his old servants at this rate.

GARD. And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living), without double wages.

ABIG. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories to disgrace the house, and bring so many

strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

GARD. Frightened! I scorn your words. Frightened, quoth-a!

ABIG. What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GARD. Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a trainband drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUT. Prithee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

ABIG. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [*Aside.*

GARD. I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him—

BUT. Prithee hold thy tongue.

GARD. I would take him—[*The drum beats, the* GARDENER *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

BUT. and COACH. Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

GARD. Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACH. Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

ABIG. So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer.—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers* FANTOME *with a drum.*

FANT. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has

been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way.

ABIG. Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of sir George Truman.

FANT. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIG. Oh! death may have altered you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANT. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIG. 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

FANT. It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of sir George's fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

ABIG. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

FANT. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

ABIG. Pray what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANT. Why, really I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not

bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

ABIG. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

FANT. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIG. Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, If I had done what I do for a farthing less.

FANT. Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIG. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief's sake.

FANT. But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

ABIG. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FANT. Prithee make use of all thy art, for I am tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat, behind a wainscot.

ABIG. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

FANT. Ah! Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues—

ABIG. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide-and-seek.

FANT. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

ABIG. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living, besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things, that I have had in it—pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire this closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIG. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you, there's no denying you anything!

FANT. I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I'm resolved to make my appearance to night.

ABIG. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

FANT. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

ABIG. I'm undone! I'm undone!—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANT. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it. [*Fantome goes in.*

ABIG. No more words—vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

ABIG. [*opening the door.*] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

LADY. I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

ABIG. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

LADY. Well! an *infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

ABIG. Ah, madam! the drum begun to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be—

LADY. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

ABIG. Ay, and should have been your's too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is.—Mr. Fantome was the best-built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and loved you! poor soul! how has he sighed when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome!

LADY. To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough till I found he loved me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

ABIG. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

LADY. I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, "what dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shanked fellow?"

LADY. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living, and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

ABIG. That's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

LADY. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

ABIG. Familiar! madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY. But that you know, Abigail, shows he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

ABIG. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

LADY. But that you know, Abigail, may be only to show his wit—Then it must be owned, he is extremely talkative.

ABIG. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY. But that you know, Abigail, is a sign he has been used to good company—Then, indeed, he is very positive.

ABIG. Positive! why, he contradicts you in everything you say.

LADY. But then you know, Abigail, he has been educated at the inns of court.

ABIG. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

LADY. You talk as if you hated him.

ABIG. You talk as if you loved him.

LADY. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL. My dear widow!

ABIG. My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

LADY. Let him alone, Abigail, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

TINSEL. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moonlight.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABIG. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you that she had heard it herself.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

LADY. Admirably rallied! that laugh is unanswerable! now I'll be hanged if you could forbear being witty upon me if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

TINSEL. Fancy!

LADY. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL. Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head all the while your husband was living?

LADY. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country as well as you do in town?

TINSEL. Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

ABIG. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

TINSEL. Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

ABIG. Sir, if I am it is my own fault.

TINSEL. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

ABIG. Marry, sir, by your talk one would believe you thought everything that was good is a megrim.

LADY. Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that everything we saw was made by chance.

ABIG. A very pretty subject, indeed, for a lover to divert his mistress with.

LADY. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY. Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits?

TINSEL. Simplicity!

ABIG. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye sir?

TINSEL. Foolish enough!

LADY. I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I am afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

TINSEL. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashioned word—I'm a freethinker, child.

ABIG. I am sure you are a free speaker.

LADY. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so

fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoiled your breeding.

TINSEL. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffeehouse I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled—

ABIG. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

LADY. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—she need not be afraid to lie by herself.

TINSEL. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

LADY. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men are so apt to despise one!

TINSEL. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou shouldst be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

LADY. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL. Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

LADY. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

TINSEL. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying anything else!

ABIG. Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

TINSEL. But where's this ghost! the son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

ABIG. Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

TINSEL. That's well enough, faith, Nab; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle—did not you marry sir George to the tune of "till death us do part?"

LADY. I must not hear sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—this fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finished coxcomb. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, played at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIG. Hum—saucebox. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the playhouse. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You

may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

TINSEL. Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

LADY. No, you're deceived! you must know it is settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

TINSEL. How!

ABIG. That's well put, madam.

TINSEL. Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

LADY. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

TINSEL. Something so venerable it!

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL. For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

LADY. Ay, but the drum!

TINSEL. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

TINSEL. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys though thunder shook the room.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers VELLUM *in his office, and a letter in his hand.*

VELLUM. This letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles—"To Humphrey Vellum, esq. steward to the lady Truman."

"VELLUM.—I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn; if an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really

Your faithful friend,

G. TRUMAN."

P. S. "Let this be a secret, and you shall [illegible] your account in it."

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons [illegible] believe he is still living, are manifold—First, [illegible] has often been the case of other military adv[illegible]

Secondly, because the news of his d[illegible] lished in Dyer's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can[illegible] himself—I know his hand, and ma[illegible]

Fourthly,—

Enter BUTLER.

BUT. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious! I wish he ben't a jesuit.

VELLUM. Admit him immediately.

BUT. I wish he ben't a jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

VELLUM. He says right—he is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in, and withdraw. [*Exit* BUTLER.

And, fourthly, as I was saying, because—

Enter BUTLER *with* SIR GEORGE.

BUT. Sir, here is the conjurer—what a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

SIR GEORGE. Dear Vellum, you have received my letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

VELLUM. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

SIR GEORGE. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

VELLUM. It is his shape.

SIR GEORGE. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VELLUM. [*After having looked at* SIR GEORGE *through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

SIR GEORGE. Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VELLUM. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the newspapers, in the list of those that were slain.

SIR GEORGE. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any farther arguments to convince you that I am so.

VELLUM. I am—and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her ho—nour is a discerning lady.

SIR GEORGE. I'm only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleased with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VELLUM. Sorely.

SIR GEORGE. How long did her grief last?

VELLUM. Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

SIR GEORGE. Three days, say'st thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O woman! woman!

VELLUM. Grief is twofold.

SIR GEORGE. This blockhead is as methodical as ever —but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such a time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds—indeed they became her.

SIR GEORGE. Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation!

VELLUM. But, I must needs say, she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

SIR GEORGE. That was kind indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM. Her jointure is considerable.

SIR GEORGE. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

VELLUM. Her person is amiable—

SIR GEORGE. Death! [*Aside.*

VELLUM. But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

SIR GEORGE. And has had as many suitors.

VELLUM. Several have made their overtures.

SIR GEORGE. Several!

VELLUM. But she has rejected all.

SIR GEORGE. There thou revivest me—but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

VELLUM. He is young.

SIR GEORGE. Does she listen to him?

VELLUM. He is gay.

SIR GEORGE. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

VELLUM. He is not ill made.

SIR GEORGE. Are the vows and protestations that past between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man designed for my worthy successor?

VELLUM. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months———

SIR GEORGE. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

VELLUM. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho—nour.

SIR GEORGE. I think she loved me; but I must search into this story of the drummer before I discover myself to

her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me, as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

VELLUM. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho—nour to admit the trial of your art.

SIR GEORGE. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue—amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho—nour who troubles the house.

SIR GEORGE. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

VELLUM. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

SIR GEORGE. Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hanged if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

SIR GEORGE. I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements, and she knows I have picked up a competency in your ho—nour's service.

SIR GEORGE. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the

better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

SIR GEORGE. In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employed to lay himself.

VELLUM. You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my ho—noured master, sir George Truman; he, he, he! you will pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE. O, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart. You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, first to gain admission for me to your lady, and, secondly, to get the secret out of Abigail.

VELLUM. It sufficeth. [*The scene shuts.*

Enter LADY, *sola.*

LADY. Women, who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a husband so every way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of them professed admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we

are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblamable. I'm sure 'tis necessary, to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Madam! madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have sir George's apartment enlarged; for truly, says he, I hate to be straitened. Nay, he was so impudent as to show me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

LADY. Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIG. Indeed he's a very sad man, madam.

LADY. He's young, Abigail; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIG. Reform him! marry, hang him!

LADY. Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIG. Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

LADY. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIG. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

LADY. He's very good natured!

ABIG. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

LADY. Dost thou think he loves me?

ABIG. Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

LADY. With what raptures he talked!

ABIG. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

LADY. He has kept bad company.

ABIG. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

LADY. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

ABIG. It would he a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

LADY. Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no farther occasion for you at present. [*Exit* ABIGAIL.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Madam, is your ho—nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—housekeeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

LADY. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, Vellum.

VELLUM. [*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.*] A hogshead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—but your ho—nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

LADY. At this rate they'll take care to be frightened all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

VELLUM. *Item*, two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—oh, here I have him—and an ox—your ho—nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all

parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck loaves—they cannot eat beef without bread. *Item*, three barrels of table-beer—they must have drink with their meat.

LADY. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. *Item*, to Mr. Tinsel's servants, five bottles of port wine—it was by your ho—nour's order.—*Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

LADY. I suppose that was by your own order.

VELLUM. We have been long friends, we are your ho—nour's ancient servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their bus'ness; he, he, he, pardon me for being jocular.

LADY. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

VELLUM. *Item*, a dozen pound of watch lights for the use of the servants.

LADY. For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wit's end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

VELLUM. Madam, your ho—nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, to retrench these extravagant expenses, which so many strangers bring upon you—Secondly, to clear the house of this invisible drummer.

LADY. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

VELLUM. I beseech your ho—nour to give me the hearing.

LADY. I do. But prithee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VELLUM. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect,

and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a—

LADY. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VELLUM. Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

LADY. Pugh, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

VELLUM. It can do us no harm, my lady.

LADY. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

VELLUM. I cannot say I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

LADY. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

VELLUM. I have already discoursed him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;—no cure, no money.

LADY. That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM. I am gone. He shall be forthcoming forthwith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

BUT. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARD. What's the matter? hast thou got any more vails for us?

BUT. No 'tis better than that.

COACH. Is there another stranger come to the house?

BUT. Ay, such a stranger as will make all our lives easy.

GARD. What! is he a lord?

BUT. A lord! no, nothing like it.—He's a conjurer.

COACH. A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

BUT. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

COACH. Ay, marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUT. He's locked up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARD. Prithee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

BUT. Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

COACH. Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer should have a long grey beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

GARD. Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-faced man, and yet he spewed out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd show us a few tricks. Dost think we could not per-

suade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! Thou dost not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand— I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

But. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him when he has him there?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I would advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the

ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red sea—and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

Gard. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

But. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages—but hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too—we should lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers SIR GEORGE *in* VELLUM'S *office.*

SIR GEORGE. I wonder I dont hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well, Vellum, I am impatient to hear your success.

VELLUM. First, let me lock the door.

SIR GEORGE. Will your lady admit me?

VELLUM. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

SIR GEORGE. Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VELLUM. Delays in business are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

SIR GEORGE. What says your lady?

VELLUM. This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

SIR GEORGE. Does she admit me?

VELLUM. I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

SIR GEORGE. That's enough! I'll gain admission for

myself as a husband. Does she believe there is anything in my art?

VELLUM. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

SIR GEORGE. Did she ask no questions about me?

VELLUM. Sundry—she desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

SIR GEORGE. But when?

VELLUM. Immediately. This instant.

SIR GEORGE. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? give me my cloak.—have you yet met with Abigail?

VELLUM. I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

SIR GEORGE. Let thee alone for that, Vellum, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloak, after the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM. He, he, he! would you make a conjurer of your steward?

SIR GEORGE. Prithee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VELLUM. And what will your ho—nour do with your cast beard?

SIR GEORGE. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou wouldst wear it with the cloak, thou wouldst make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

VELLUM. A fine taper stick! it is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let anything be lost.

SIR GEORGE. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer.

Exeunt.

Enter ABIGAIL *crossing the stage,* TINSEL *following.*

TINSEL. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

ABIG. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

TINSEL. What? Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

ABIG. What does the man mean? dont think to palm me as you do my lady.

TINSEL. Prithee, Nabby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

ABIG. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

TINSEL. Dost thou see anything about me thou dost not like? Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss: dont be ill-natured.

ABIG. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—this rogue will carry off my lady if I dont take care. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail, I must get thee a husband.

ABIG. Ay, now you dont speak idly I can talk to you.

TINSEL. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

ABIG. Laud, how you talk!

TINSEL. This is a thundering dog.

ABIG. What is he?

TINSEL. A private gentleman.

ABIG. Ay! where does he live?

TINSEL. In the horse-guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

ABIG. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

TINSEL. He's but five-and-twenty years old.

ABIG. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

TINSEL. No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIG. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate—Pray what has he?

TINSEL. Not a farthing.

ABIG. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. But as for that I would make it up to him.

ABIG. How?

TINSEL. Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

ABIG. This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—[*Aside.*]—Hark! my lady's a coming!

TINSEL. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

ABIG. Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [*Aside.*

Exit ABIGAIL.

TINSEL. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid.—but I shall rid the house of her.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that wont be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*] —Prithee, widow, explain thyself.

LADY. You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

TINSEL. Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

LADY. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINSEL. Oh! I warrant you he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom—I think thy four chief domestics are—a withered Abigail—a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

LADY. [*Mimicking* TINSEL.] And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

TINSEL. It's a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter VELLUM, *and* SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit.*

VELLUM. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—sir, this is her ho—nour.

SIR GEORGE. I know it well. [*Exit* VELLUM.

[*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! the sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are used to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the zodiac?

SIR GEORGE. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities.—

TINSEL. Mars! Prithee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

SIR GEORGE. The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

TINSEL. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon.—Hark thee, old Gadbury, is not Mars very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel?

SIR GEORGE. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

TINSEL. A word in your ear, doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

SIR GEORGE. [*Aside, walking disturbed.*] Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself. —Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

LADY. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

SIR GEORGE. My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINSEL. I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Prithee, tell me, wast not thou born before the flood?

LADY. Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

SIR GEORGE. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. O! the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

LADY. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

TINSEL. And so I fancy, doctor, thou thinkest me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

SIR GEORGE. Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to* TINSEL.

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

TINSEL. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY. Pray, doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

SIR GEORGE. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

TINSEL. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinced he's a cheat.

LADY. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, doctor.

SIR GEORGE. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINSEL. Prithee, doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

SIR GEORGE. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

TINSEL. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been plucked by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

SIR GEORGE. Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-lived. He will soon die of —

TINSEL. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing.

[*Forces a laugh.*

SIR GEORGE. He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—ay—'tis so!

TINSEL. You son of a whore! I'll run you through the body, I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer—

LADY. Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL. An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

LADY. Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body. I would but have drilled a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

SIR GEORGE. Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

TINSEL. Ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or, if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

TINSEL. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee, by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be tossed in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

SIR GEORGE. I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [*Exit* SIR GEORGE.

TINSEL. The sauciest dog I ever talked with in my whole life!

LADY. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

TINSEL. No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

LADY. Truly I dont know what to take him for: I am resolved to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you ordered.

LADY. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt* LADY *and* TINSEL.

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flattered, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry of the steward—madam Vellum!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out madam Vellum's chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—it will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of everybody in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be called Fantome. But see, Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM, *with a pint of sack.*

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail, dont I break in upon you unseasonably?

ABIG. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

VELLUM. I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIG. Pray set it down—I have a dram glass just by—

[*Brings in a rummer.*] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

VELLUM. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

ABIG. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

VELLUM. Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

ABIG. Your debtor; for what, Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM. For my heart, Mrs. Abigail—and our accounts will not be balanced between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. But I am not used to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigail; when will you be out of my debt?

ABIG. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—my humble service to you.

VELLUM. I must answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country phrase—"Your love is sufficient." Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

VELLUM. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigail, since I first broke my mind to you—it was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*,—we have conversed together these fifteen years

—and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. Abigail, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIG. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me which I would willingly make you a present of. It is, indeed, but a little toy.

ABIG. You are always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM. It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

ABIG. Pray do not keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM. A silver thimble.

ABIG. I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

VELLUM. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail—you have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

ABIG. Oh fie! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion—

[*A feigned struggle.*

VELLUM. This finger is not the finger of idleness; it bears the honourable scars of the needle—but why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIG. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour—a wedding ring would become it mightily. He, he, he!

ABIG. You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

VELLUM. I design this thimble only as the forerunner

of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a two-fold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VELLUM. Indeed I am serious.

ABIG. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VELLUM. I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIG. I have always taken your part before my lady.

VELLUM. You have so, and I have itemed it in my memory.

ABIG. For I have always looked upon your interest as my own.

VELLUM. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIG. I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. Vellum there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VELLUM. How? speak that again!

ABIG. Why then, in plain English, I love you.

VELLUM. I'm overjoyed!

ABIG. I must own my passion for you.

VELLUM. I'm transported. [*Catches her in his arms.*

ABIG. Dear charming man!

VELLUM. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to

the estate, before she has an heir to it—prithee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

ABIG. Marry him! my love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake-hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honeymoon was at an end.

VELLUM. Prithee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIG. This drum, my dear, if it be well managed, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

VELLUM. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

ABIG. Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean, almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM. Certainly my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy helpmate, thy own flesh and blood!

ABIG. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM. Give me your hand, chicken.

ABIG. Here, take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM. We shall have much issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

VELLUM. John, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

BUT. Attentive! ay, let me alone for that.—I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

VELLUM. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plates and glasses, laid in a method.

BUT. Ah, master Vellum, you are such a sweet spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM. Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

BUT. How he talks! I could hear him all day.

VELLUM. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your sideboard, your cellar, and everything else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

BUT. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer.

VELLUM. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer?

BUT. Why, look you, master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook maid should have orders to get him

some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VELLUM. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature —but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUT. Marry, master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

BUT. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VELLUM. He is married, and he is not married—he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

BUT. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young? How do you make that out, master Vellum?

VELLUM. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUT. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

VELLUM. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

BUT. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

VELLUM. That time will show.

BUT. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

VELLUM. I did not intend thou shouldst—but to our business—let there be a table spread in the great hall.

Let your pots and glasses be washed, and in readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

BUT. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by.—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

BUT. Two pillows! Madam wont sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

VELLUM. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigail! I think I hear her chiding the cook maid.

BUT. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says. [*Exit* BUTLER.

VELLUM, *solus*.

VELLUM. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. What brings my sweet one hither?

ABIG. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surprised.

VELLUM. That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

ABIG. I'll speak low—walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

VELLUM. But hark you, ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

ABIG. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

VELLUM. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

ABIG. You will always be waggish.

VELLUM. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

ABIG. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

VELLUM. Adieu, my pretty one.

ABIG. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

VELLUM. My pretty one.— [*As he is going off.*

ABIG. Dear Mr. Vellum?

VELLUM. My pretty one! [*Exit* VELLUM.

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[FANTOME *gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

ABIG. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. [FANTOME *raps again.*

ABIG. Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and FANTOME *comes out.*

ABIG. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

FANT. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what is doing in the world.

ABIG. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANT. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

ABIG. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANT. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen as being kept up in the dark.

ABIG. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea table.

FANT. My dear girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIG. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why dont you do so to my lady?

FANT. Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect.

ABIG. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

FANT. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—and let me tell thee, Abigail, a man who is sincere

in his passion, makes but a very awkward profession of it —but I'll mend my manners.

ABIG. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow.—Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

FANT. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

ABIG. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANT. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab—— I mean my lady Truman.

ABIG. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

FANT. That's right: faith, I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and ambrosia!

ABIG. That's very well —

FANT. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! my life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you—

ABIG. Well! why dont you squeeze my hand?

FANT. What, thus?

ABIG. Thus? Ay—now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

FANT. Transport and ecstacy! where am I! my life! my bliss!—I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIG. Go on, go on.

FANT. Flames and darts—bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

ABIG. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

FANT. This will do then, Abigail?

ABIG. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANT. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

ABIG. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANT. Let me alone with both of them.

ABIG. Well! forewarned, forearmed. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose everything in your favour. [FANTOME *goes in.* *Exit* ABIGAIL.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL. Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM. Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar; I am not used to be called so by any but their ho—nours. [*Aside.*]—What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

TINSEL. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM. What is that, good sir?

TINSEL. Prithee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

VELLUM. The rent-roll?

TINSEL. The rent-roll? ay, the rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

VELLUM. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

TINSEL. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VELLUM. The purchase will be considerable.

TINSEL. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—she is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

VELLUM. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?—he, he, he!

TINSEL. Why, you queer old dog, you dont pretend to jest, d' ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

VELLUM. An insolent companion! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

VELLUM. An ungracious bird! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

VELLUM. A very profligate! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

VELLUM. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him.—[*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me?

[*Stifling a laugh.*

TINSEL. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

VELLUM. What do you think of five hundred pounds? —ha, ha, ha!

TINSEL. That's too little.

VELLUM. And yet it is more than I shall give you—and I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINSEL. Prithee, what are they?

VELLUM. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and secondly because it never will be in your disposal: and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha, you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit* VELLUM.

TINSEL. This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer; I'll be hanged if they are not akin.

Enter LADY.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, what, all alone? You freethinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINSEL. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

LADY. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

TINSEL. Yes, yes, he looks like a put—a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

TINSEL. What, I suppose he goes to church.

LADY. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

TINSEL. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

LADY. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promises he made there.

TINSEL. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, thou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbath-breaker!

LADY. Truly, they generally come to a bad end. I remember the conjurer told you you were short-lived.

TINSEL. The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

LADY. Indeed you're very witty!

TINSEL. Indeed you're very handsome.

[*Kisses her hand.*

LADY. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion.—Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

LADY. The most impudent fellow I ever met with.

[*Aside.*

TINSEL. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

TINSEL. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the sideboard, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

LADY. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel—what pretty transformations you could make in my house. But I'll see where it will end. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY. I perceive you are an excellent manager—how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINSEL. Now hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you—

LADY. Very well, let me hear.

TINSEL. You have an old-fasioned gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

LADY. I have; what then?

TINSEL. Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

LADY. Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. Tinsel, dont dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINSEL. My dear, I love everything that belongs to you.

LADY. I see you do, sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

TINSEL. Pugh, pugh, my dear, we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY. Believe me, sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

TINSEL. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

LADY. I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after sir George's decease.

TINSEL. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: dost not thou think that sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

LADY. Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel —

TINSEL. Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?

LADY. The world would say I never loved my first husband.

TINSEL. Ah, my dear, they would say you loved your second: and they would own I deserved it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

LADY. But what would people think?

TINSEL. Think! why they would think thee the mirror of widowhood.—That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

LADY. Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

TINSEL. I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of them pinked the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

LADY. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

TINSEL. Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

LADY. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

TINSEL. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in

my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINSEL. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

LADY. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

TINSEL. About this time, say'st thou? Come, faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

LADY. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

TINSEL. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! dost not hear him.

LADY. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

TINSEL. Why, both! my dear.—I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

LADY. Dont talk so rashly.

TINSEL. Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

LADY. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

TINSEL. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now.—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

LADY. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

TINSEL. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

LADY. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

TINSEL. I'll tell thee what, now, widow,—I would en-

gage by the help of a white sheet and a pennyworth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY. It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL. 'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

LADY. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not angered it by your foolish discourse.

TINSEL. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt for a little harmless raillery.

LADY. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

TINSEL. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens and discovers* FANTOME.

TINSEL. Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

TINSEL. Now would I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. [FANTOME *advances to him drumming.*] I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [FANTOME *still advances drumming.*] By my soul, sir George, I was not in earnest [*falls on his knees*], have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb—[FANTOME *points to the door.*] But see he waves me off—ay, with all my heart.—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

FANT. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress

behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I dont question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover, and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard.

[*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAIL *and Servants.*

ABIG. O my poor lady! this wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit, the* BUTLER *marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

BUT. An't please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

SIR GEORGE. Thou say'st well.

GARD. An't please your conjurer's worship, shall I set the table down here?

SIR GEORGE. Here, Peter.

GARD. Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

COACH. I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

SIR GEORGE. Place it there.

BUT. Sir, will you please to want anything else?

SIR GEORGE. Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUT. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose; my lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges—would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

SIR GEORGE. There is none better.

BUT. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

COACH. [*To the* GARDENER.] Peter, prithee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—you know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook maid wanted a handful of parsley.

BUT. Why, you dont think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

GARD. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEORGE, *solus.*

There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of them an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter GARDENER *with a sheet of paper,* COACHMAN *with a standish, and* BUTLER *with a pen.*

GARD. Sir, there is your paper.

COACH. Sir, there is your standish.

BUT. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

GARD. He forgets that he's to make a circle.[*Aside.*]—Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

SIR GEORGE. It is no matter.

BUT. Look ye, sir, I showed you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in the next room—

SIR GEORGE. We shall try.

GARD. That's right, John. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUT. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I would have a bottle of good October by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

SIR GEORGE. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

GARD. John, he seems a very good-natured man for a conjurer.

BUT. I'll take this opportunity of inquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

SIR GEORGE. What wouldst thou?

BUT. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my silver spoons last week.

SIR GEORGE. Marked with a swan's neck—

BUT. My lady's crest! he knows everything. [*Aside.*] How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

SIR GEORGE. Hum!

BUT. What must I do to come at it?

SIR GEORGE. Drink nothing but smallbeer for a fortnight—

BUT. Smallbeer! Rot-gut!

SIR GEORGE. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—it is as much—as thy spoon —is worth.

BUT. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

COACH. D'ye mind how they whisper?

GARD. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell—

COACH. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

BUT. [*To the* GARDENER.] A prodigious man! he knows everything: now is the time to find out thy pickaxe.

GARD. I have nothing to give him: does not he expect to have his hand crossed with silver?

COACH. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

SIR GEORGE. Ask it.

COACH. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched—

SIR GEORGE. A bay gelding.

COACH. How could he know that?— [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Bought at Banbury.

COACH. Whew—so it was o' my conscience. [*Whistles.*

SIR GEORGE. Six years old last Lammas.

COACH. To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch, or Goody Flye?

SIR GEORGE. Neither.

COACH. Tnen it must be Goody Gurton! for she is the next old woman in the parish.

GARD. Hast thou done, Robin?

COACH. [*To the* GARDENER.] He can tell thee anything.

GARD. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Sir I would beg to take you a little farther out of hearing—

SIR GEORGE. Speak.

GARD. The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

SIR GEORGE. A woman.

GARD. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Go on.

GARD. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

SIR GEORGE. Twins.

GARD. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Proceed.

GARD. Now, because I used to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both—

SIR GEORGE. To thee.

GARD. What a power of learning he must have! he knows everything. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Hast thou done?

GARD. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

SIR GEORGE. Stand before me, let me survey thee round. [*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

COACH. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puffed off in a whirlwind immediately.

SIR GEORGE. Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*

GARD. Ay; are they both mine d'ye think?

SIR GEORGE. Own but one of them.

GARD. Ah, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler—if my poor master sir George had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

SIR GEORGE. What, was sir George a kind master?

GARD. Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

SIR GEORGE. Did ye love sir George?

BUT. Everybody loved him—

COACH. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death—

GARD. He was the best neighbour—

BUT. The kindest husband—

COACH. The truest friend to the poor—

BUT. My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her—

SIR GEORGE. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM. Have you provided the doctor everything he has occasion for? if so—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEORGE. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

VELLUM. It is a saying somewhere in my lord Coke, that a widow—

SIR GEORGE. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my lord Coke—prithee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM. She is pretty well recovered, Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

SIR GEORGE. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast

got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus—

VELLUM. You will still fancy you are a living man—

SIR GEORGE. That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife—

VELLUM. You have no right in her, after your demise: death extinguishes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

SIR GEORGE. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

VELLUM. He rushed out of the house, called for his horse, clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

SIR GEORGE. This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day—Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

VELLUM. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

SIR GEORGE. Was there ever such a provoking block-head! but he means me well. [*Aside.*] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is dispatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—

SIR GEORGE. Then hear me.

VELLUM. It is indeed the life of business—

SIR GEORGE. Hear me then, I say.

VELLUM. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First—

SIR GEORGE. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

VELLUM. But your ho—nour will not give me the hearing—

SIR GEORGE. Thou wilt not give me the hearing—

[*Angrily.*

VELLUM. I am still.

SIR GEORGE. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has described the ghost to you.

VELLUM. It shall be done.

SIR GEORGE. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

VELLUM. It shall be done—but since her ho—nour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more before you encounter it.

SIR GEORGE. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail anything of the secret.

VELLUM. Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six—

SIR GEORGE. Hush, here she comes! Oh my heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAIL.

SIR GEORGE. [*Aside, while* VELLUM *talks in dumb show to* LADY.] O that loved woman! how I long to take her into my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*

LADY. [*To* VELLUM.] This is surprising indeed! so all the servants tell me; they say he knows everything that has happened in the family.

ABIG. [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* VELLUM, *exchanging fond looks with* ABIGAIL.

LADY. Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

SIR GEORGE. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

LADY. What can you learn from that?

SIR GEORGE. I have already learn'd a secret from it that will astonish you.

LADY. Pray what is it?

SIR GEORGE. You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIG. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to hear that—he must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

LADY. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see sir George's apparition a second time.

SIR GEORGE. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIG. Mr. Fantome to be sure. [*Aside.*

LADY. Impossible! I loved my first too well.

SIR GEORGE. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIG. [*Aside.*] I'll be hanged if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY. Alas! you did not know sir George.

SIR GEORGE. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

LADY. This is astonishing!

SIR GEORGE. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstacy did sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma!

LADY. Every circumstance to a tittle!

SIR GEORGE. Then, lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white satin night-gown; you would not come out of your dressing-room, till sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—you struggled —but he was too strong for you—you blush'd. He—

LADY. Oh! stop there! go no farther!—He knows everything. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

SIR GEORGE. Mrs. Abigail, you know what your go word cost sir George, a purse of broad pieces, M Abigail.

ABIG. The devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, sin you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refus to take them.

SIR GEORGE. 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thr them into your bosom.

ABIG. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, I dont take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, sir, though you are conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab —

LADY. Sir, since, I have no reason to doubt of your a I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—it h the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be a undiscovered secret, anything that troubles his rest, lea it of him.

SIR GEORGE. I must to that end be sincerely inform by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; ha not you received the addresses of many lovers since h death?

LADY. I have been obliged to receive more visits th have been agreeable.

SIR GEORGE. Was not Tinsel welcome?—I'm afraid hear an answer to my own question. [*Asi*

LADY. He was well recommended.

SIR GEORGE. Racks! [*Asi*

LADY. Of a good family.

SIR GEORGE. Tortures! [*Asi*

LADY. Heir to a considerable estate!

SIR GEORGE. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love hi —I'm distracted! [*Asi*

LADY. No, I despise him. I found he had a desig

upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and everything that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!—

SIR GEORGE. I'm recovered. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he looked when he left your ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I dont care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

SIR GEORGE. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder sir George's spirit from being at rest.

LADY. If he knows anything of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

SIR GEORGE. This quite o'erpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*] Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY. Success attend you!

ABIG. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* LADY *and* ABIGAIL.

SIR GEORGE, *solus.*

My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her.—Now for my revenge upon Fantome—I shall cut the ceremonies short—a few words will do his business.—Now let me seat myself in form—a good easy chair for a conjurer this! Now for a few mathematical scratches—

a good lucky scrawl that—faith I think it looks very astrological—these two or three magical pothooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, sir, are you there? Enter drummer. Now must I pore upon my paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating his drum.*

SIR GEORGE. Prithee dont make a noise, I'm busy. [FANTOME *beats.*] A pretty march! prithee beat that over again. [*He beats and advances.*

SIR GEORGE. [*Rising.*] Ha! You're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [FANTOME *advances.*] How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hanged if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [FANTOME *starts, gives a rap upon his drum.*] Prithee dont play the fool! [FANTOME *beats.*] Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

FANT. [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discovered. This jade Abigail has betrayed me.

SIR GEORGE. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

FANT. 'Tis plain she has told him all. [*Aside.*

SIR GEORGE. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

FANT. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

SIR GEORGE. I have learnt it from my art.

FANT. Thy art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces—

SIR GEORGE. I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

FANT. I'll make them up twenty —

SIR GEORGE. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall —

FANT. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frightened with bugbears —

SIR GEORGE. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art —

FANT. Why, if thou hast any hocus pocus tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

SIR GEORGE. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be muttered in private —

FANT. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

SIR GEORGE. I will.—attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME, *solus.*

A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have used me thus—I begin to grow horribly tired of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shant have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his own habit.*

FANT. Ha! what's that! sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the

very wound of which he died! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

SIR GEORGE. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good sir George —the enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAIL.

SIR GEORGE *stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.*

ABIG. Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak? [*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

SIR GEORGE. Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIG. Oh! 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

SIR GEORGE. Good Mrs. Abigail not so fast.

ABIG. Are you alive, sir?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel them I'm sure.

SIR GEORGE. What dost think?

ABIG. Think, sir? Think? Troth I dont know what to think. Pray, sir, how —

SIR GEORGE. No questions, good Abigail. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

ABIG. Oh, I am so frighted—and so glad! —

SIR GEORGE. Where's your lady, I ask you —

ABIG. Marry I dont know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for joy —

SIR GEORGE. Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more—

ABIG. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

SIR GEORGE. Then he has opened the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter LADY, *followed by* VELLUM.

LADY. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

SIR GEORGE. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

LADY. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

SIR GEORGE. My heart is too full to answer thee.

LADY. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

SIR GEORGE. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

LADY. I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

SIR GEORGE. And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

LADY. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to

enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

SIR GEORGE. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter SERVANTS.

BUT. Just as the steward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my lady already.

GARD. He, he, he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

COACH. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

GARD. Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

COACH. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

SIR GEORGE. [*To* LADY.] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUT. Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

COACH. The same good man that ever he was!

GARD. Hurra!

SIR GEORGE. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lovest Abigail, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee

a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

LADY. What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

ABIG. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

SIR GEORGE. Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

VELLUM.

The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:
And so we bid good night to both your ho--nours.

THE

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

To-night the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cause debating
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the first should from their duty swerve,
There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shows good nature.
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckoldom,
No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase exprest;
And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no,

But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.
Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supplied the stage;
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale;
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage vows,
Nor be a jest though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

THE WHIG EXAMINER.

THE WHIG EXAMINER.

No. 1. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum folia ista diemque
Oderit.———————————

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner. As that author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the Executioner: at least his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this author has made upon Dr. Garth's poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: Did ever an advocate for a party open with such an

unfortunate assertion? "The collective body of the whigs have already engrossed our riches." That is, in plain English, the whigs are possessed of all the riches of the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there anything more reasonable, than that those who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or, if he likes his own phrase better, as indeed I think it is stronger, that those who have already engrossed our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: "Their representative, the Kit-Cat, have pretended to make a monopoly of our sense." Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means anything, it is this, that to prevent such a monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity, both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows:

THE RIDDLE.

Sphinx was a monster, that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.
Œdipus was resolved to go,
And try what strength of parts could do;
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate:
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright;
Has two at noon, and three at night?

'Tis man, said he, who weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: as years accrue,
With sturdy steps, he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, madam Sphinx:
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

The first part of this little mystical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the author given himself the trouble of explaining it: but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: "What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night?" This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and not according to Rabelais, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: "What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs?" Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was anything in the New Garland of Riddles so wild, so childish, or so flat: but though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the author has stolen his hint out of the Garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the Nile when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in

came four legs, and snatched away one leg; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my reader than the above-mentioned enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which, upon application, he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint stool, which, in the Sphinx's country, was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the author's words:

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three;
> Then loses one, then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the poet tells us, was proposed by Œdipus to the sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the sphinx had proposed to him. This Œdipus, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a king of Thebes, and bore a particular grudge to the treasurer of that kingdom; which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this enigma:

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at Thebes, being "weak by nature," as he admirably

expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that, in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in queen Jocasta's court, which the author calls his third leg. Now it so happened, that the treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, "then loses one,"—thus far, I think, we have travelled through the riddle with good success—

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three?
> Then loses one—

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which, I must confess, has kept me awake for these three nights:

> ———Then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four?

I at last thought the treasurer of Thebes might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore, upon mature consideration, do find that the words, "then gets two more," are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall, therefore, restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Œdipus speaks:

> Now in your turn, 'tis just me thinks,
> You should resolve me, madam Sphinx;
> What stranger creature yet is he,
> Who has four legs, then two, then three;
> Then loses one, "then gains two more,"
> And rides away at last on four?

I must now inform the reader, that Thebes was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of its dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it "in an open boat;" for to say of an Englishman in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd, as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Hague.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the author, for the future, to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject! where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how Syrisca's ladle was lost in one hole, and Hans Carvel's finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but, when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever Persius did. After this cursory view of the Examiner's performance, let us consider his remarks upon the doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the doctor's considering the treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller, or any other writer, who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: and though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the Examiner, upon the phrases of "passions being poised," and of the "retrieving merit from dependence," which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same cavilling spirit, that finds fault with that expression of the "pomp of peace among the woes of war," as well as of "offering unasked." As for the

Nile, how Icarus and Phaeton came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the author should deprive us of those particular similes for the future. The next criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. Bickerstaffe, whom the author everywhere endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the Examiner to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

> ——— *Non si te ruperis, inquit,*
> *Par eris.* ——— ———

The allusion to the victim may be a gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit. And as for the Examiner's remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself), one cannot but observe in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line, "Ingratitude's a weed of every clime." Here he is very much out of humour with the doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which Dryden only terms the *growth* of every clime. But for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question, but the same who has endeavoured here to prove, that he who wrote the Dispensary was no poet, will very suddenly undertake to show, that he who gained the battle of Blenheim is no general.

No. 2. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

——————— *Arcades ambo,*
Et cantare pares ——————— VIRG.

I NEVER yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson. The Examiner had not written two half-sheets of paper before he met with one that was astonished at "the force he was master of," and approaches him with awe, when he mentions state subjects, as "encroaching on the province that belonged to him," and treating of things "that deserved to pass under his pen." The same humble author tells us, that the Examiner can furnish mankind with an "antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation." This crying up of the Examiner's antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy walked before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes sortes de maladies,* "My father cures all sorts of distempers." To which the doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai,* "The child says true."

That the reader may see what party the author of this letter is of, I shall show how he speaks of the French king and the duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest allies, the emperor of Germany, and the states-general. "In the meanwhile the French king has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has

put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld." What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! The panegyric on the duke of Anjou, is by much the best written part of this whole letter; the apology for the French king is indeed the same which the postboy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great prince. There are many strokes of the author's good-will to our confederates, the Dutch and the emperor, in several parts of this notable epistle; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the bank, the states-general, and the emperor, expressed for the ministry by their humble applications to her majesty, in these words:

"Not daunted yet, they resolved to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the ministers."

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt superos, Acheronta movebunt.

"The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, are called in as confederates to the

ministry." This, in the mildest English it will bear, runs thus: "They are resolved to look for help wherever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it:" that is, to the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna. The French king, the pope, and the devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning Englishman; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, in such company. We may still see this gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country; speaking of "the G——l, the quondam T———r, and the J—to," which, every one knows, comprehends the whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, "For the queen and the whole body of the British nation"—

"*Nos numerus sumus.*"

In English,

We are ciphers.

How properly the tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to her majesty, as to separate her in so saucy a manner from that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, "have engrossed the riches of the nation;" and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of WE; that is, "WE queen and tories are ciphers." *Nos numerus sumus*, is a scrap of Latin more impudent than cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the same particle WE, used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this letter; "But, nothing decisive, nothing which

had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Toulon, which WE suffered to be defeated before it began." Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed several stories of discoveries made by letters and messengers that were sent to France.

Having done with the author's party and principles, we shall now consider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The first lash of his satire falls upon the censor of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the "cause of the vanquished." Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan:

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

"The gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished." The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the censor, but of Cato of Utica. How Mr. Bickerstaffe, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who was not a Roman censor, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say, therefore, that the censor of Great Britain resembles that famous censor of Rome in nothing but espousing "the cause of the vanquished;" is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths and secret histories that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of these new revelations resembles the ancient author of the Revelations "in nothing but venturing his head." Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, should he thus mistake one

St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the Evangelist which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him?

Another smart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and instead of writing a letter to the Examiner, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: "Paint, sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her majesty, and of those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitution." By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or, if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? And this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: "And when this is done, D——n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone[1] shall feel some remorse." Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and

[1] The earl Godolphin, a nickname given him by Dr. Sacheverel, in one of his sermons.

so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in satire. But we see a masterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a duchess of Great Britain, a princess of the empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her royal mistress, he calls a great lady "an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;" and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon Alecto. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled "An Essay towards proving that Gratitude is no Virtue." This author is so full of satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the queen's singing men, who it seems did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an anthem; as you may see in that passage: "Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the stentor of Sarum has deafened his audience from the pulpit." Thus you see how like a true son of the high church, he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the language of this excellent author, who I find takes himself for an orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they "profusely scatter" through the nation; that is, in plain English, for squandering away their poison. In the second he talks of "carrying probability through the thread of a fable;" and in the third, of "laying an odium at a man's door." In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that "the G——l, the quondam T———r, and the J—to, are the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of the fears of the enemies." I would advise this author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign minister should address her majesty in the following manner (for certainly it is her majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid), "madam, you are the object of the confidence of the allies;" or, "madam, your majesty is the only object of the fears of the enemies." Would a man think that he had learned English? I would have the author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as page seven, where he tells us, "that the balance of power in Europe, would be still precarious." What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his "scales were precarious;" and mean by it, that they were "not fixed?" In the thirteenth page he speaks of "certain profligate wretches, who, having usurped the royal seat, resolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it." A plain-spoken man would have left the chariot out of this sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being

impossible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would, therefore, advise this gentleman, in the next edition of his letter, to change the chariot of government into the chaise of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the errata of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an anti-climax, an instance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that Britain may expect to have this only glory left her, "that she has proved a farm to the bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to the whole world." I never met with so sudden a downfal in so promising a sentence; "a jest to the whole world," gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden:

> Not only London echoes with thy fame,
> But also Islington has heard the *same*.

The other are in French,

> *Allez vous, lui dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,*
> *Ou vous avez laissé votre honneur et* vos gens.

But we need not go farther than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh: "Mankind remains convinced, that a queen possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne." Is this panegyric or burlesque? To see so glorious a queen celebrated in such a man-

ner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks like Scarron's character of the great queen Semiramis, who, says that author, "was the founder of Babylon, conqueror of the east, and an excellent housewife."

The third subject, being the argumentative part of this letter, I shall leave till another occasion.

No. 3. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

———*Non defensoribus istis*
Tempus eget.———— VIRG.

I WAS once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and, before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately reassumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, "but, sir, as I was a telling you." The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of Don Quixote, who inserts several novels in his works, and after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. Hudibras has broke off the Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle. The Tatler has frequently interrupted the course of a lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the Examiner, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of the Letter to the Examiner to a farther day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to

contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows:

"Alcibiades was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of Socrates; and one of the best orators of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when learning was at its highest pitch: he was likewise very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the Lacedæmonians, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against the great king of Persia, but were at that time in alliance with the Persians. He had been once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his enemies, that the priests cursed him. But after the great services which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their curses, and changed them into applauses and benedictions.

"Plutarch tells us, in the life of Alcibiades, that one Taureas, an obscure man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himself to the Athenians by an oration. The speech which Alcibiades made on that occasion, has been lately discovered among the manuscripts of King's college in Cambridge; and communicated to me by my learned friend Dr. B——ley; who tells me, that by a marginal note it appears, that this Taureas, or, as the doctor rather chooses to call him, Toryas, was an Athenian brewer. This speech I have translated literally, changing very little in it, except where it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by an English reader. It is as follows:

"Is it then possible, O ye Athenians, that I, who hitherto have had none but generals to oppose me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist? That

I who have overthrown the princes of Lacedæmon, must now see myself in danger of being defeated by a brewer? What will the world say of the goddess that presides over you, should they suppose you follow her dictates? would they think she acted like herself, like the great Minerva? would they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would they not rather say, she has a second time chosen owls for her favourites? But, O ye men of Athens, what has this man done to deserve your voices? You say he is honest, I believe it, and therefore he shall brew for me. You say is he assiduous in his calling: and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your custom but not your votes: you are now to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the common enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne the dust and heat of the day, while he has been sweating at the furnace? behold these scars, behold this wound which still bleeds in your service; what can Taureas show you of this nature? What are his marks of honour? has he any other wound about him, except the accidental scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O Athenians, let it not be said, that your generals have conquered themselves into your displeasure, and lost your favour by gaining you victories. Shall those achievements that have redeemed the present age from slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the benefits of them? Shall those names that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be

mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your posterity blush at their forefathers, when they shall read in the annals of their country, that Alcibiades, in the ninetieth Olympiad, after having conquered the Lacedæmonians, and recovered Byzantium, contended for a prize against Taureas the brewer? The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful. I shall not, however, slacken my endeavours for the security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is still Athens. On the contrary, as she will stand more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a people; I will pursue my victories, till such time as it shall be out of your power to hurt yourselves, and that you may be in safety even under your present leaders. But oh! thou genius of Athens, whither art thou fled? Where is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of Thermopylæ, and fought upon the plains of Marathon? Are you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at Agraulos, 'That you would look upon the bounds of Attica to be those soils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?' Consider your enemies the Lacedæmonians; did you ever hear that they preferred a coffee-man to Agesilaus? No, though their generals have been unfortunate, though they have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the troops of Athens, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay, celebrated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their generals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there not men of Taureas's temper and character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great king of

Persia? who have been against entering into a war with him, or for making a peace upon base conditions? that have grudged those contributions which have set our country at the head of all the governments of Greece? that would dishonour those who have raised her to such a pitch of glory? that would betray those liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased or recovered with their blood? and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common enemy? I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of Athens; you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his vats and tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards which were employed against you, and which I have wrested out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, oh ye gods! let not the king of Persia laugh at the fall of Alcibiades! Let him not say, 'the Athenians have avenged me upon their own generals;' or let me be rather struck dead by the hand of a Lacedæmonian, than disgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

No. 4. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientæ parum. SALLUST.

HUDIBRAS has defined nonsense, as Cowley does wit, by negatives. Nonsense, says he, is that which is neither true nor false. These two great pro-

perties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense: you may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms anything, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader, as Erasmus's "Enconium of Folly;" I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the "Letter to the Examiner:" I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any farther, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole nature of nonsense; and because it is a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold phlegmatic

temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly among self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities:

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise: it stalks upon hard words and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of sir Hercules Nonsense in the play called the Nest of Fools. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like Æsop's ass clothed in a lion's skin.

When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being candidates for it, he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that showed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by wine; I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by smallbeer.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low grovelling nonsense in every Grub-street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides, Dr. S————l in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the Letter to the Examiner. This is when an author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learned from it, aud he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not, indeed, at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which in some places he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows: the conduct of the late ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic:

as to the first, he tells us, that "the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous;" so that the ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives he tells us, "were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives, he says, was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered." So that the ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. "the restoring the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria," he tells us, "remained still in its full force; and we were told," says he, "that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain and the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious: Spain therefore must be conquered." He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: but what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to show, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy; "that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where France is best able to keep us at bay;" that the French king has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the duke of Anjou has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: nay, "that instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld." He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and

the emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by general Stanhope, that if the author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the French king or the duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding "the little care the emperor takes to support king Charles," notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented "with a larger and better country than their own, already conquered for them," that victorious general, at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the house of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, to those of Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: they puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, that the ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The letter-writer says, "that the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies in the year 1706." But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks Antwerp and Brussels, Ghent and Bruges, could be thought a

strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great general on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. "But," says the letter-writer, "the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:" but if the laying the stress of the war in the Low Countries drew thither the whole strength of France; if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the duke of Anjou with a numerous army; and if, by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in Spain ten regiments with as little trouble and expense as England could two regiments; every impartial judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author in this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, "they hoped England would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland:" As if England were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for Holland; which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or as Mr. Waller expresses it, our "outguard on the continent;" and which if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening our trade into the Levant, by securing ports for us in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Naples, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce

into Spain, which will be of more advantage to England, than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces. Not to mention the demolishing of Dunkirk, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the Dutch and Germans, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest Scotchman, who, has he was walking along the streets of London, heard one calling out after him, "Scot, Scot," and casting forth in a clamorous manner, a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation: Sawney turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him, was a saucy parrot, that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, "were he a man as he was a green goose, he would have run him through the womb."

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that "the queen had grieved her subjects" in making choice of such men for her ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

No. 5. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Parere jam non scelus est. MARTIAL.

WE live in a nation where at present there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politics. The whole island is peopled with statesmen, and not unlike Trinculo's kingdom of viceroys, every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of Great Britain, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, whether they would rather be governed by a prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, a father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to passive obedience, and non-resistance. For I must observe, that the advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: and we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. Passive obedience and non-resistance are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: they have respect but to one side of

the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To show this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the prince as well as to the people: the question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of obedience, without settling the extent of power; or to describe the subject without defining the king. An arbitrary prince is, in justice and equity, the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. Passive obedience and non-resistance are the duties of Turks and Indians, who have no laws above the will of a grand signior or a mogul. The same power which those princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they should think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If, therefore, we would rightly consider our form

of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that liberty and property are the birthright of the English nation, but that if a prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary prince, or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late addresses. I would fain know what freeholder in England would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or whether her majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the reader, if this has not been the sense of many addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

"MADAM,

"It is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily preaching up among us that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preserva-

tion; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked prince shall make use of his royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who, under the reign of the best of sovereigns, would avow such dangerous tenets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down and discountenance these seditious notions, as being altogether republican, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious forefathers; who, in all ages, at an infinite expense of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their posterity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble and disquiet of their lawful prince. We do, therefore, in the most humble and dutiful manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist a sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our Magna Charta, or invade those rights and liberties which those traitors procured for us; but will venture our lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects who think they may stand up in defence of them."

It happens very unluckily, that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a prince's ear: for which reason the publishers of it have always been the favourites of weak kings. Even those who have no inclination to do hurt to others, says the

famous satirist; would have the power of doing it if they pleased. Honest men, who tell their sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are, therefore, always in danger of being the last in the royal favour. Nor, indeed, would that be unreasonable, if the professors of non-resistance and passive obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late revolution rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the church-memorial, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell her majesty, that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, for that "nature might rebel against principles?" Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise non-resistance to a prince that pleases them, and passive obedience when they suffer nothing. I remember one of the rabble in Œdipus, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, "why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master."

This is, in effect, the language of the church in the above-mentioned memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of Kirk's lambs; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons, that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, that it has a natural tendency to make a good king a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of Thales the wise Milesian, "that of all wild beasts, a tyrant is the worst, and of all tame beasts, a flatterer." They do, indeed, naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no less destructive to the prince. A late unfortunate king very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly began to act like a king who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a

proceeding? It is too fresh in everybody's memory. Thus is a prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings; he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember, at the beginning of king James's reign, the quakers presented an address, which gave great offence to the high-churchmen of those times. But notwithstanding the uncourtliness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

"These are to testify to thee our sorrow for our friend Charles, whom we hope thou wilt follow in everything that is good.

"We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land, any more than we, and, therefore, may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

"We hope that in this and all things else, thou wilt promote the good of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and prosperous."

Had all king James's subjects addressed him with the same integrity; he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE LOVER.

PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS: NAM ME DISCEDERE FLEVIT.
VIRG.

No. 10. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1714.

—— *Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.*

I HAVE lately been very much teased with the thought of Mrs. Anne Page, and the memory of those many cruelties which I suffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. Anne was in a particular manner very fond of china ware, against which I had unfortunately declared my aversion. I do not know but this was the first occasion of her coldness towards me, which makes me sick at the very sight of a china dish ever since. This is the best introduction I can make for my present discourse, which may serve to fill up a gap, till I am more at leisure to resume the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which more surprise me than their passions for chalk and china. The first of these maladies wears out in a little time; but when a woman is visited with the second, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian mandarin, as her great-granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such trifles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging

old suits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of china have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast clothes, and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punchbowl, and a pair of breeches into a teapot. For this reason my friend Tradewell in the city, calls his great room, that is nobly furnished out with china, his wife's wardrobe. "In yonder corner," says he, "are above twenty suits of clothes, and on that scrutoire, above a hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many nightgowns, stays, and mantuas, went to the raising of that pyramid. "The worst of it is, says he, a suit of clothes is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife." There is, likewise, another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great matter of wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture. Some of them pay half their servants' wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. "If thou hast a piece of earthenware, consider," says Epictetus, "that it is a piece of earthenware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not, therefore, so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass." In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these

perishable commodities till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a teapot or a china cup. I shall farther recommend to their serious consideration, these three particulars: first, that all china ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: the fragility of china is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though, at the same time, I am afraid I may complain with Seneca on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered, that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the

mode. I myself remember when there were few china vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present which are capable of holding half a hogshead. The fashion of the teacup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape and size.

But, in the last place, china ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine sort of porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in services of the family; besides that, they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

No. 39. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres. ——————— HOR.

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-suf-

ferers who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for advice. Will is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon everything to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor Wormwood is devoured with the spleen: you may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has in less than three months reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still sours upon her hands. Will is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor Will, and makes him lie awake all night.—As I was going on with Will Wormwood's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be the Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably sur-

prised to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, a Discontented Temper, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin Wormwood, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows:

CHAP. XVII.

A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

"A DISCONTENTED temper is a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, 'What, says he, your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, 'I wish, says he, all this came from your heart.' In a dry season, he grumbles for want of rain, and when a shower falls, mutters to himself, 'Why could not this have come sooner?' If he happens to find a purse of money, 'had it been a pot of gold, says he, it would have been worth stooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, 'I am sure, says he, thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.' When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, 'That is as much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.' Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains 'That his counsel did not insist upon the most material points.' If after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be

merry, 'How is that possible, says he, when I am to pay everyone of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain.'"

The instances of a discontented temper, which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving everywhere the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate, when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegances in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression

as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a 'faithful interpreter;' but, in works of wit and humour, will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is everywhere a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades everything that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAP. XIX.

A SLOVEN.

"SLOVENLINESS is such a neglect of a man's person, as makes him offensive to other people. The sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you for an excuse, 'that his father and grandfather used to do so before him.' However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company. In drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is

dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of music he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the musicians 'whether they will never have done.' He always spits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him."

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my lord Roscommon's:

> None yet have been with admiration read,
> But who, beside their learning, were well-bred.
> LORD ROSCOMMON'S Essay on translated Verse.

If after this the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former English version, which was published some years since, and is done from the French of Bruyere.

NASTINESS OR SLOVENLINESS.

"SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and biles upon his hands,

which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His armpits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in sordid ragged clothes. If he goes with his mother to the soothsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and profane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he cannot forbear clapping his hands and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full upon the servants who waited there."

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other Greek or Roman author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney writers at work for so much a sheet.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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